

Deadly Nightshade

Swallow the Sun

The strength of her pulse is breaking her chest
She's getting wet from this feverish writhe
The midnight's cruel for a lonely girl
When the unknown slowly undresses her breasts
The voice - and her eyes wide shut
Her fever burns a mark on her bed
The path that she runs among these silent trees
Leads her body for me to claim
The veil of fog covers her velvet skin
As she kneels naked under the moon
The whispers from her lips and her screams
Invite me to her ecstatic flame, over and over again
Her bed is covered in dirt and leaves
And she's burning down on her knees
Midnight's cruel for a lonely girl
And she's getting wet from this feverish writhe